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HE CHILDREN'S

MAGAZINE

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SALEM, MASS



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LITTLE FOLKS

THE CHILDREN'S MAGAZINE

The February Number

Billetta

Mary E. Wilkins Freeman

Mrs. Freeman wrote this story especially for the readers of Little Folks. It is about a little girl with a queer name whose aunt gave her a plum-colored silk dress, which was made very long. Read the story and learn what happened to Billetta and her silk dress, and how her friend, Annie Miggs, helped her in a most trying situation.

In School Annette Wynne

Little Verse to learn and recite when teacher or mother wants you to speak a piece. They express the very thoughts you often have about words and numbers, and the blackboard.

Constance and the Twins

Winifred Stowitz Paddock

This story tells how the twins visited Grandmother in the city, and how they saw Santa Claus in the toy shop. They had so good a time at Grandmother's that they didn't want to go home.

Queen Bee's Crown

Margaret Johnson

Trixie asks Billy Buttercup and Tommy Tadpole to help her find the lost crown of Queen Bee. These picture stories are always most fascinating to little folks who cannot read, for they can help in the telling of the story by naming the pictures.

A Cunning Valentine

Margaret McKie Brash

Grandma tells Betty how to make a new sort of Valentine—one that "works." Every boy and girl who reads Little Folks will want to make one of the same sort.

Munza

Alice Alison Lide

Munza was a little colored boy who lived in Africa, on the edge of a jungle. He was so afraid of white people! Such a silly little colored boy—but he learned better.

The Little Ship

Blanche Elizabeth Wade

Here is another poem that will please the grown-ups when you repeat it, quite as much as it will you the first time you read it.

Sitka

Allen Chaftee

The Snow Baby and his great white mother are attacked by a walrus herd. Sitka learns of the walrus's strange way of living.

The Something To Do Department

The February Paper Doll is the country cousin of the twins, Dorothea and Theodore, whom you have met this month and last. She is cunning, with her two fat braids and her bashful smile. There is a cut paper picture, a new picture to color for your picture book, the Playroom Cooks tell how to have Afternoon Tea in the Nursery, and there are games and conundrums, as well as the Home Guard and the Letter Bag with letters from children all over the world.

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THE YEAR AND THE DAYS

THE Year is a general riding by,
A general stout and tall;
And little it matters how hard we try,
We cannot keep step at all.
No matter how eager and spry, 'tis clear
We cannot keep pace with the mighty Year!

But, ah, there's a company called the Days,

The merry and brave and wise;

They march to the music that Duty plays,

Whatever the changing skies,

And no one need stumble, and none need fall,

And we may keep step with them, comrades all!

Make ready! — Salute! — as the great New Year Rides by to the roll of drums;
And then fall in line with a soldier's cheer For each little day that comes,
The Days are like children that come and go —
The Year can take care of himself you know!

Frank Walcott Hutt



" RW DOES HE GET DOWN THE CHIMNEY, IF HE'S SO FAT?"

LITTLE FOLKS THE CHILDREN'S MAGAZINE

VOL, XXVI

JANUARY, 1923

No. 3.

THE FAIREST FACE IN THE MAGIC MIRROR

By Frances Margaret Fox

HE king of Forgotten Land, one day, said to the queen, "Forsooth, whom shall we choose to accompany the youngest princess to the wildwood school when she goes to learn the names and ways of the birds and flowers?"

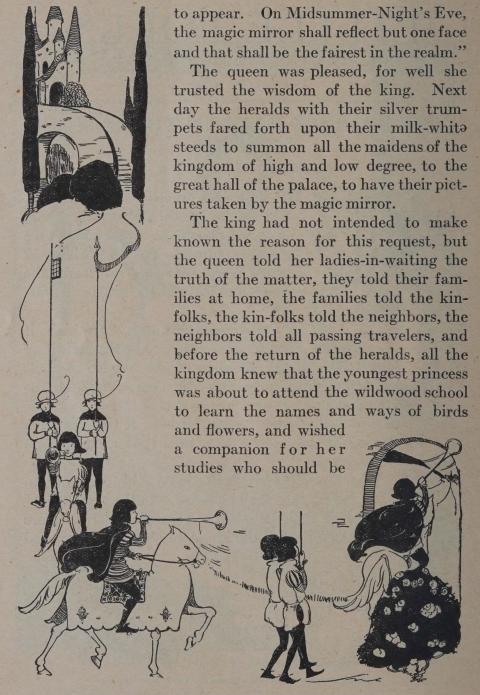
Answered the queen, "Methinks it would be well to choose the maiden of fairest face in the kingdom, if she be also of spot-

less name and amiable disposition, because faces to the youngest princess are like the sun in the sky. If the face of her maiden be fair, it is as if the sun were shining; if the face be wry, then it is as if the sun were overcast."

Whereupon the king smiled and said to the queen, "The fairest face shall be found. In the great hall of the palace shall be placed a magic mirror before which the fairest of the kingdom shall be summoned



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THE HERALDS WITH THEIR SILVER TRUMPETS FARED FORTH

fair of face, of spotless name and amiable disposition.

Straightway all the high-born maidens began flocking to the great hall of the palace to gaze into the mirror. The very first morning came a lovely princess from another kingdom who happened to have lived all her life in Forgotten Land, because although she was a princess born, she was poor and of no great consequence. As the princess went by herself up the palace steps, a maiden of wealth and great consequence, heedlessly stepped upon her gown and tore it from the belt. The princess was turning sadly away, not wishing to have her picture taken in a torn gown, when a little serving maid who dusted footstools and canary bird-cages in the palace, saw what happened and called to the princess.

"Wait but a moment," quoth she," and methinks with a needle and a bit of

thread I shall make your garment whole."

The princess smiled and gladly waited. As

ALL THE HIGHBORN MAIDENS FLOCKED TO THE GREAT HALL

she watched the deft fingers of the little serving-maid at work upon her gown, her face grew more tender and more lovely each moment until when the little serving-maid looked up she exclaimed:

"Oh, surely yours is the fairest face in the kingdom!"

It did seem as if that were indeed the truth, for the princess was wondrous fair: she was happy, too, because she knew that she would soon come into a great good fortune.

Then ran the little serving-maid to find the queen. Before the queen she knelt and said:

"Oh, queen, I beg thee grant me one request! I fain would serve the maidens of the kingdom, if mayhap they need service when they come to have their pictures taken by the magic mirror. My little brother, who has often helped me, will gladly perform my duties until Midsummer Night's Eve."



"WITH A NEEDLE AND A BIT OF THREAD I SHALL MAKE YOUR GARMENT WHOLE"

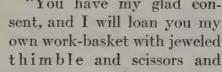
"But why do you ask this boon?" inquired the queen.

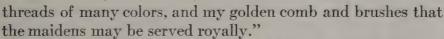
"Because I, too, delight in fair faces," answered the little serving-maid, "and it will please me well to help the maidens

look fairer still. I beg thee, grant my petition!"

The queen looked with favor upon the little serving-maid because she had faithfully dusted the footstools and canary bird-cages of the palace, so she answered:

"You have my glad con-





A LOVELY FACE LOOKED OUT OF THE MAGIC MIRROR

The little serving-maid beamed with joy and straightway ran with light steps to the great hall of the palace, there to mend when mending was necessary, to straighten bows and sashes and with friendly touch to put where they belonged wind-tossed tresses of raven hair and of gold. It did seem as if every high-born maiden and every maid of low degree required some little service done by the queen's serving-maid. And somehow, their faces grew lovelier when she pronounced them fair, and they turned smiling to the mirror, thinking more of the little maid than of themselves.

Always that little maid flitted from the mirror to make way for one whom she had served; and always she stood for a moment with hands clasped in admiration of the beautiful faces reflected there.

Every day the little serving-maid's eyes grew brighter and lovelier as she forgot herself in loving service for others, and every day her wonder grew as the maidens of the kingdom passed in review before her. Sometimes it seemed to the little serving-maid as if each new face was fairer than the one before: and sometimes it seemed as if the magic mirror would tell the king that the princess whom she had first served was the fairest of the fair. All the maidens who came to gaze into the mirror were gentle-mannered and gracious, but that princess had kissed the little serving-maid lightly on the brow.

When Midsummer Night's Eve came at last, the little serving-maid followed the throng into the great hall of the palace to see the picture of the fairest face. She was farther from the throne than any but the palace door-keepers, that night. She might have made her way nearer, but she held her little brother by the hand lest he be smothered by the multitude.

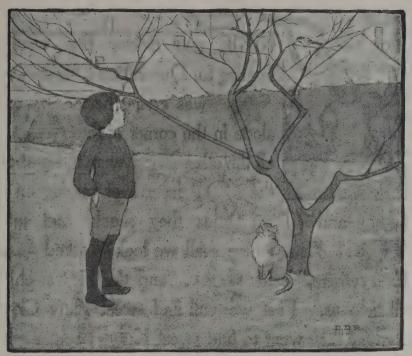
Suddenly the band ceased its loud triumphant strains, and began soft melodies like distant singing of birds in the wildwood. Bugles sounded and all eyes turned toward the raised platform where stood the magic mirror hidden by purple velvet curtains. Once more the bugle sounded, the curtains were drawn aside, and a lovely face was seen reflected from the mirror. A lovely face looked forth with eyes so kind and tender the youngest princess escaped from the queen and ran toward it with a cry of joy.

Clearer and clearer shone that face until a whisper became a murmur, and the murmur became a shout!

"The little serving-maid! The little serving-maid!" were the words that burst from all lips at once.



"I WILL LOAN YOU MY OWN WORK-BASKET"



THE BIRD SAW THE CAT AND THE CAT LOOKED AT ME

THE CHICKADEE-BIRD

By Daisy D. Plympton

A little bird sat in a thorn-apple-tree, In a thorn-apple-tree, in a thorn-apple-tree, And he burst into song when he caught sight of me, Down under the thorn-apple-tree,

A big yellow eat came out for to see
What I saw in the tree, what I saw in the tree,
And the bird saw the cat, and the cat looked at me
Down under the thorn-apple-tree.

Away flew the bird, singing, "Chickadee-dee"
Singing, "Chickadee-dee, chickadee-dee,"
Away from the cat, and the tree, and from me--Away from the thorn-apple-tree.

ueen Dee's (rown. RIXIE and Bobby Bee were out hunting for Queen Bee's , while was crying her * out all alone in the corner of the all the other were flying about in the instead of putting on their as they should and making "But where shall we look?" asked "Everywhere," said , "and the Flower-children will help us. First we will find sweet Kitty Clover." So away they went to find sweet Kitty 🔌 had put on her pink and was sitting on her in the middle of her million clover sewing, with her and her and her , making a beautiful out of a silver And beside her sat little Mrs. Ladybug in her spotted 🦓 Kitty," cried Bobby, "Queen Bee has lost her Have you seen it anywhere?" "Not I," said "But maybe she dropped it under one of my million Mrs. Ladybug will look for it. She has bright and can find her way anywhere. Will you look for Queen Bee's , Mrs. Ladybug?" (108)

"Indeed I will," said So away she went in her spotted in and out among the million And Kitty was so excited that she dropped her and her and her and upset her and upset her and away she went after , in and out among the But Mrs. Ladybug went so fast that could not keep up with her and soon she could not see the spotted at all. "I'm lost!" cried Kitty. Then ran and found her and brought her back and set her on her again all safe and sound, and she picked up her and her and her and her and went to work on her beautiful made out of a silver. But up popped in her spotted . "I have looked under all the million she said, "and Queen Bee's is not there." "Thank you, Mrs. Ladybug," said . "Buzz, buzz, thank you, Mrs. Ladybug," said . "And where shall we go next to look for Queen Bee's crown?"



butterfly who ought to have been happy — and wasn't. Before her stretched the mission play-ground, bare and empty. At this hour of recess, the big enclosure was usually a place of delight. As they frolicked together, the jolly little Japanese girls in their tucked-up kimonos and scarlet petticoats looked like a garden of poppy blossoms. Sometimes the game would be Flower-selling. Everybody would join hands and skip and sing.

"Flowers for sale
Flowers for sale
Come buy my flowers
Before they get stale."

Then the little girl chosen to be It would run around the outside of the circle and finally drop a flower behind someone's back. Next would come an exciting chase to catch It before she got back to her place.

Again, they'd play at Proverbs. All the girls would sit on their heels in a prim row and the ones who couldn't recite a proverb, in turn, were, with much laughter, crowned with wisps of straw.

But the best game of all was Sand Pictures. To play this



SUK1 SAN WAS MOST MOURNFUL

each child had to have four bags of colored sand, black, red, yellow and blue—and a bag of white. White sand was first thrown down upon the ground in the shape of a square. A handful of black sand was taken and allowed to trickle thinly through the fingers to outline a man, a bird, or a flower. Next, the other colors were poured carefully on to complete the design. Sometimes the pictures were oh, so beautiful! And the beloved Honorable Teacher would award a luscious candied rice ball to her whose sand drawing was the best.

But today there were no games and no laughter on the play-ground — only Suki San sitting solemn and lonely under the cherry tree. The girls of the Toku Mission were spending their play hour in helping make clothes for the little children of Nippo Valley, where a terrible storm had ruined the poor people's homes, crops and everything.

Honorable Teacher had told the pitiful story and made an appeal to her girls for help. They had responded eagerly and now they were hard at work cutting and basting and stitching on the wee underclothes and the flowered little kimonos. Tomorrow morning, swift runners would start from the village at dawn, to carry packets of clothing to the storm sufferers.

But Suki San was too little to sew. Her stitches sat crookedly and some pieces of her work just would persist in getting in up-side down. Finally, Naki, one of the big girls, gently but firmly pointed out to her that she was being a hindrance instead of a help.

"Better run play, little one," said Naki kindly and pressed a seed cookie in her hand for comfort.

But Suki San felt so bad about it that she couldn't play—she couldn't even choke down the plump seed cookie. So she sat very still and two big tears squeezed out of her slanty black eyes and crept dolefully down her cheeks.

Then, of a sudden, a splendid idea popped into Suki San's head. She bounced to her feet and clapped her hands in delight. She was going to help, after all. She trotted quietly into the school room and sat down beside Naki.

"I can thread them for you," she whispered shyly, "For you and everybody."

"W-why, so you can, you little treasure," said Naki.

For all the rest of the hour, Suki San was the busiest little girl you ever saw. From one young seamstress to another she went, her slim fingers swiftly threading needles. Suki San set

solemnly and carefully about her self-appointed task. She snipped threads just the right length and always, always put the knot in.

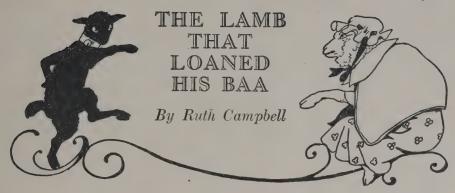
When the Honorable Teacher came to inspect, her eyes opened wide in amazement.

"We never could have done it without Suki San threading needles," said the girls.

"Suki San's a darling," said Honorable Teacher.



THE BUSIEST LITTLE GIRL YOU EVER SAW



PART II

MOTHER SHEEP could not be blamed for being disgusted with her little Spring Lamb for lending his Baa to that shiftless Black Sheep, and when she heard about it she gave herself an angry shake and said,

"I shall talk to Black Sheep."

And she did, but small satisfaction she got from him; he skittered his tail at her, and twiddled his lip at her, and said in the sauciest way imaginable:

"Well, what can YOU do about it?" And she couldn't do a thing.

It was bad enough in summer, but when winter came and all the sheep lived together in a great big shed, they grew touchy and jumpy and nervous, and little Spring Lamb's voice was often heard asking for his Mother. But the voice was never like his gentle Baa, it grew to sound something like a wolf, and always when he used it there was trouble in the flock, frightened calls, stampings and pushings, with the little ones hurt and the big ones suffering from indigestion as a result.

Then a dreadful rumor started, that Spring Lamb was a wolf in sheep's clothing. Like all rumors nobody knew how it started, but one repeated it to another and it grew worse and worse until it was actually said of Spring Lamb that he turned into a wolf at night and killed other lambs. True, no one had ever found a dead lamb, but they all said *perhaps* he dragged the bodies away, and the fact that proof was lacking did not

stop the rumor. Rumors are almost as bad when they get started as sore-throat or chicken-pox, and you don't know just how they spread but they certainly do gain ground.

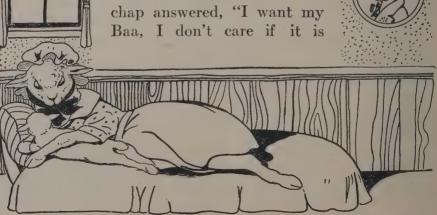
It was hard for the flock but much harder for poor little Spring Lamb. He was left quite alone and he lost his appetite and almost lost his evesight from crying so much. In desperation he went to Black Sheep to beg for his Baa back.

"You haven't treated me very well lately," said Black Sheep. glad of an excuse to be horrid and delighted to be able to put blame on someone else, "and I'm not so sure I'll let you have it back. Maybe I will maybe I won't I don't know. . . . I'll see!" And little Spring Lamb would get his hopes up only to have them dashed again.

And so the unhappy weeks went by until it was just a short time before Christmas. The whole flock made great plans for the day. They had all made stockings out of their wool and were going to hang them up, of course, for they knew that the farmer would give them something nice. He always remembered his animals and gave them fine presents of fresh clover out of season, or new blankets, or collars, or pails of milk half cream. They liked Christmas.

"What do you want?" Spring Lamb's Mother asked him.

And the heartbroken little



HIS SNIFFLY LITTLE NOSE RAMMED IN MOTHER SHEEP'S NECK FOR COMFORT

cracked, or hoarse, or bent, I want it, and I'll never, never have it," and he sobbed aloud with his sniffly little nose rammed in his Mother's neck for comfort.

His Mother made up her mind that something must be done and that afternoon made a call on Collie Dog.

"My baby will die of a broken heart unless we get his Baa back," she said, and Collie Dog, who felt that Black Sheep had gone too far, answered:

"I'll get it back and we will give it to Spring Lamb for a Christmas present."

Much comforted Mother Sheep went back to Spring Lamb.

"Collie Dog will get your Baa back," she told him. "You keep up your courage a little longer and don't cry, and everything will be all right."

"I c-c-c-can't help it," sobbed Spring Lamb. "I've hoped so long and been disappointed so many times."

Spring Lamb's Mother was really fine; she did not say a word then about his having the wrong kind of playmates. Later she mentioned it.

That night Collie Dog called Black Sheep aside.

"See here," he began in his positive way. "You've had Spring Lamb's Baa long enough. I want you to give it back and do it quick!"

"I'm not worrying about what you want." Black Sheep interrupted, but Collie Dog took him gently by the neck and shook him a bit.

"Be polite to your betters," he cautioned, and set him down none too gently.

"You can't shake it out of me, and you can't force me to give it up. If you bit me the farmer will kill you, and none of your friends can help you because they can't get inside the fence, and the doors to our shed are always closed at night, so they can't reach me."

"Don't be too sure!" Collie Dog said. Then he raised a paw and shook it in Black Sheep's saucy face. "Black Sheep," he went on impressively, "I'll get that Baa from you without any



trouble, for when I tell you what will happen to you if you don't give it back, you will be glad enough to return it to the trusting little friend you have deceived. Do you know why you are allowed to go on being such a bad lamb?"

"No," answered Black Sheep interested.

"Because you are a black sheep, and all black sheep are expected to be bad, their naughtiest deeds are forgiven and no one tries to improve them, or change them because they are black."

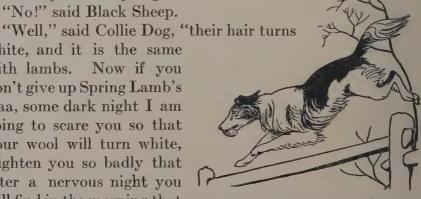
"I like being bad," put in Black Sheep.

"Of course you do, but do you want to be white?"

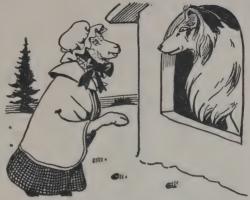
"No!" said Black Sheep emphatically.

"Do you know what happens to people when they are badly frightened?" "No!" said Black Sheep.

white, and it is the same with lambs. Now if you don't give up Spring Lamb's Baa, some dark night I am going to scare you so that your wool will turn white, frighten you so badly that after a nervous night vou will find in the morning that COLLIE DOG GALLOPED BACK WITH THE BAA



every speck of your wool has turned white—every speck. Then you will have to mend your ways. The big sheep won't stand your broken promises, your borrowing and not returning, and your greediness. You will have to go to school and be polite, and work and grow wool and be sheared



MOTHER SHEEP CALLED ON COLLIE DOG

and everything else, just as all good white lambs do."

"I'd hate it!" cried Black Sheep, in a panicky voice.

"It may be worse than that, too." Collie Dog went on pleasantly. "I will have some friends of mine help to frighten you and they may get so enthusiastic about it that they will scare you to death."

"Oh!" cried Black Sheep, "I wonder if Spring Lamb would like his Baa back right now."

"I think he would," said Collie Dog. "I'll carry it to him." Black Sheep handed over the Baa. "It looks a little frayed," he said, apologetically.

"It does!" Collie Dog agreed. "But Spring Lamb will take such good care of it that it will be as good as new after a while, and, Black Sheep, let me tell you something. You have bor-



"I LIKE BEING BAD," SAID BLACK SHEEP

rowed your last Baa. After this, you can bend and break and lose your own things, but you aren't going to spoil other

ALL THE STOCKINGS IN A ROW

lamb's things."
"No!" gulped Black Sheep.

He was still a little nervous about Collie Dog's friends. That night at dinner his appetite was not very good.

Collie Dog galloped back to Mother Sheep with the Baa.

"I'm so grateful!" she said, almost crying with happiness.

"It's nothing at all," Collie Dog replied, with a gracious wave of his paw. "Perhaps you'd better talk with Spring

Lamb about his playmates."

"I had thought about that," said Mother Sheep decidedly. Christmas morning dawned three hours earlier than any other morning. (You know how it is in your own house; you simply can't stay in bed as the grown-ups tell you.) And all of the nice new woolly stockings were hanging in a long neat row. Spring Lamb did not dash to his as the other lambs did. He knew, of course, it would have some sort of a present, but he knew it would not have the one thing in the world he wanted, his Baa, and his heart was too sore and his spirits low.

"Why don't you look in your stocking, Little Lamb?" his Mother asked. Spring Lamb smiled a brave little smile; he didn't want to spoil his Mother's Christmas.

"I'm going to pretty soon," he said.

"Better look right away; maybe there is something in it you want," his Mother said. And more to please his good Mother than for any other reason, he went to his stocking.

It was crammed full of nice things. First some fresh clover tops, then a bright new collar with a pretty sounding bell on it, then a lump of salt (lambs love salt), and last of all, something in the toe that felt soft and queer. "Whatever can it be," thought Spring Lamb. "It feels like my...no, it can't be ... yes it does... Oh! Mother, look!

it IS?" and he pulled out his Baa!

In one second it was back in his throat, and suddenly he found that his heart was not heavy and that he felt very well, indeed, and he raced about wishing the other sheep and lambs a Merry Christmas.

They were all so surprised to hear him with his own little Baa again, and as pleased as he was, and he was very pleased and proud, indeed.



A NICE SOFT BLANKET FOR COLLIE DOG

And they straightway forgot all about that unpleasant rumor.

And always Spring Lamb kept his Baa and was thoughtful of it, and very soon it was one of the most beautiful sounding Baas in the flock.

The next spring when he was sheared, he had his first woos made into a nice soft blanket for Collie Dog to sleep on, and he never played with Black Sheep again.

But after all, he was a silly little lamb, for when he saw, that Christmas morning that Black Sheep's stocking had nothing in it, he was very fad and sorry, and gave him some of his salt and clover.

The Little-Boy-With-the-Eton-Collar looked up and asked: "Is it all right to lend my things to the right sort of friends?"

"If your friends are the right sort, do anything in the world for them, but if they are the wrong sort, don't have them for friends," said the Little Boy's Mother. She laughed a little, but the Little Boy knew she was serious. Suddenly he put his arms around her neck.

"Mother," he whispered, "I love you a lot."

A FAIRY TALE of TIPPERARY

THEY TOOK THEIR TROUBLES TO THE FAIRY QUEEN

By Ellen Friel Baker

TIPPERARY, you know, is one of the beauty spots in all Ireland, and in Tipperary is a high hill, shaped for all the world like a peaked night-cap. On the very top of this peak is a green pasture, where once a herdsman watched over his cows by night.

Now this hill had been the play-ground of the fairies long before the herdsman ever thought of making his grazing grounds there, and so when the cows began to trample on the grass, the fairy-folk grew very angry. They were afraid to frolic at all in the moonlight, for fear a cow would set her big foot down upon one and crush it to earth.

And my! How the lowing of the kine struck a chill to their little hearts. It sounded so mournful-like and sad. Besides that, the big beasties ate the green carpet right off of their play-place. Of a truth, something had to be done about it, so they took their troubles to the Fairy Queen — for what is a Fairy Queen for, if she cannot do just exactly as she likes?

Now when the Fairy Queen had heard their complaint very patiently, she decided that something must be done. She had not lately been upon Peaked Hill herself — and so she had not seen the herdsman and his cows. But she had heard the jangling of the bells which sounded like church-bells out of tune, and she did not like the sound at all. So she made up her mind to frighten the herdsman away.





NIGHT AFTER NIGHT SHE WOULD SPRING UP BEFORE HIM

So she went to Peaked Hill and hid herself, and night after night in the bright moonlight she would spring up right before him, always taking the most frightful shape she could think of.

You see, in Ireland, a really, truly Fairy Queen can do most anything she thinks of. Sometimes she would appear like a big dragon with eagle wings, again she would be a giant horse with fins instead of feet, or else an ape with a peacock's tail and a duck's feet.

You may be sure that the poor herdsman was frightened half to death at all these terrible shapes which began to infest his pasture lands. Night after night, as the moon arose, the Fairy Queen took on a hideous shape and appeared before him, so that he would stand with chattering teeth, trembling knees and bulging eyes, expecting the terrible creature to gobble up his finest cows, or else do bodily harm to himself. The cattle were scared half to death and spent the nights huddling in little groups pawing madly at the sod, or else in scampering over the top of Peaked Hill. But when the sun rose over the hill, the Fairy Queen always went away.

Finally the herdsman thought of Jamie O'Friel, brave Jamie O'Friel the piper, who was afraid of nothing and could play such sweet tunes that he could pipe the very heart out of your bosom. So the herdsman sought out Jamie at daybreak just as he was feeding his pig and told him his troubles.



A Fairy Tale of Tipperary

"Sure and is that all that's troubling you, Patrick Mulloy?" asked Jamie.

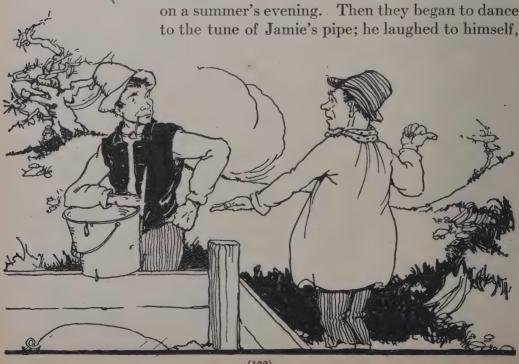
"Arragh," shuddered Pat Mulloy — for that was the herdsman's name — "sure and that's enough to break the heart of any herdsman. What with the finest kine leaping madly into the river — or else tumbling from the top of Peaked Hill and being killed entirely — what worse luck could a fellow have, I'd like to know!"

"There now, Pat, my boy — let your mind be at rest!" said Jamie O'Friel comfortingly. "Sure I'll rid Peaked Hill of the little folk, or my name's not Jamie O'Friel."

Then Jamie struck a good bargain with Pat and went off to Peaked Hill to be ready when the queer things that Pat had described should come to dance in the moonlight.

He sat himself down on big boulder, took his pipes out of their bag, examined them carefully and began to play.

Presently he heard the Fairy-folk laughing in the distance and the next moment they were flying up Peaked Hill for all the world like a swarm of gnats on a summer's evening. Then they began to dance to the tune of Jamie's pipe; he laughed to himself,



A Fairy Tale of Tipperary

for Jamie O'Friel had the strange gift of seeing fairies, altho' most mortals cannot.

"Aha," he said under his breath, "I thought it must be the Little Folk who were at the bottom of Pat's troubles."

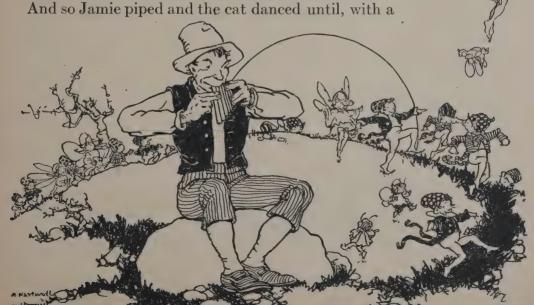
The cows were now browsing peacefully upon the sweet grass — for they could not see the fairies and were glad to be undisturbed — but all at once one of them almost crushed a tiny one under her great hoof, and all the others grew angry. They were so angry that they flew away to the queen who was waiting to see what would happen.

Bold Jamie kept up his piping, for he knew that things were about to happen. And they did.

Almost at once a strange panorama began to pass before his eyes. First there came a great lion with an elephant's trunk and began to trumpet and roar at the same time that it danced on its hind legs.

But Jamie played on, not the least bit frightened at the strange apparition. Then the creature disappeared and a big mule with a bull's head took its place and last of all, a huge black cat standing on tiptoe began to dance and whirl before him.

"Dance on, my beauty!" exclaimed Jamie. "Sure Jamie O'Friel can pipe as long as any cat can dance."



loud meow, the poor creature fell to the ground, and when Jamie looked at it closely, it had turned into a parrot and was wearing a top hat, a striped cravat and red boots.

"Get up and dance!" Jamie called, tuning up his pipes again. And the strange creature rose to do his bidding, for Jamie O'Friel, you see, had power to make even the fairy folk obey him with his music.

"Now then," called Jamie, when he was tired of playing dance music. "Listen to this!"

So he played a new tune on his pipes. It sounded like Tipperary at daybreak. You could hear the sleepy birds wake up in their little nests and begin their morning songs. You could hear the pigs squealing and the fowls of the barnyard fussing for their breakfast. You could almost see the dew upon the grass and the great, round, red sun as he rose over the earth, Then you heard the gentle lowing of the mother cows and the sweet bleating of the young calves.

And all the time that he played, Jamie kept his eyes fixed on the Fairy Queen in the form of a parrot. And, even while he looked and played, suddenly she was changed into a milk-white calf, with eyes tender and loving and a gentle, lowing voice that sounded like the pipes themselves.

"Now then," said Jamie again, patting her head, "stay as you are." And with that he picked up his pipes and went to tell Patrick Mulloy that he could watch his herds in peace on Peaked Hill, for the Fairy Queen would trouble him never again.



SITKA. THE SNOW BABY

By Allen Chaffee

CHAPTER II.—ADRIFT ON AN ICE-BERG

NO sooner had Mother White Bear seen the Eskimo turn to pursue her than she started running back over the ice floe, urging the cub to follow.

Sitka raced as fast as he could, but his

fat forelegs were so much shorter than his hind legs that he stepped on his own feet and fell, and rolled this way and that. Again and again he fell, till Mother White Bear came back and tried to carry him by the scruff of the neck. But he was too heavy for that now. And all the time the little brown man was coming closer. At last the Eskimo raised his spear to hurl it at Sitka.

Mother White Bear had just come to the top of a steep, slippery

place on the ice floe where it sloped to the sea. In desperation, the great, furry mother took Sitka in her almost human forearms, and, sitting down at the top of the slide, coasted straight down the ice-pan into the white-capped waves. By the time the Eskimo had climbed to the top of the slide, where he could see what had become of them, they were swimming rapidly away, the cub holding fast to his mother's tail.



SHE COASTED STRAIGHT DOWN THE ICE-PAN INTO THE WAVES

Even then he could have thrown his spear and struck them, but Mother White Bear, suspecting as much, made a dive under a floating cake of ice. They came up on the other side, where he could not

see them, their noses just barely out of water,—and there they waited till long after the little brown man had given up and gone back to the whale hunt.

There followed delightful days on Egg Island, as they called the rocks on which they had found the eider ducks. It rained a good deal, but they did not mind. The days were getting longer now. There were only a few hours of darkness between sunset and sunrise. The ice of inland

rivers was thawed through in spots, where the Eskimos had chopped holes to catch salmon. Mother White Bear would sit all day at one of these salmon holes, watching for the big red fish. When she saw one, biff! would go her forearm, claws out like five ivory fish hooks, to nab the slippery fellow. Then how she did feast! Sitka watched every move she made because by and by he, too, wanted to be a mighty fisherman.

One day she took him to visit Seal Rocks. From far away they could hear the dog-like barking of the queer crea-



SITKA DODGED TO ONE SIDE

tures, as they lay basking in the noon-day sun. Now and again one would come swimming along with a fish in his jaws, clambering up on the rocks with his flippers.

Long ago, when the world was young, Mother White Bear told Sitka, the seals all lived on land, and had legs, but they found it so much easier to get their food from the sea that they became expert swimmers. That meant that Mother Nature had to flatten their fore-legs into flippers, with webbed fingers, so that they could use them as paddles, as a fish does his fins. Their hind legs she turned into flappers which they could hold snug together and use, like a fish's tail, to steer with. This makes it hard for them to get about on land, and Sitka thought it was the funniest sight in the world to see them humping themselves along over the rocks. But they were wonderful at swimming and diving and catching fish.

Mother White Bear would not swim too near Seal Rocks today, however, because the great bull seals, the fathers and grandfathers, were there to protect the little And my, how those old bulls did bark at them! For they feared that Mother White Bear might like the flavor of baby seal. Nearly every cow seal had a baby with soft, woolly, white fur, though when it grew up, it would be brown and Mother White Bear would like to have taken Sitka a little nearer, but though the cow seals were not much bigger than big dogs, the bulls were almost as huge as herself. That, she told the inquiring cub, was because every bull had to protect at least a dozen cows and their babies. The young bulls are killed for their skins, and that makes the numbers uneven.

The seals had all been South for the winter. In May the bull seals had returned to the islands, swimming through the icy water so fast that the cows could not keep up with them. For several

weeks the bulls had held contests, and fought among themselves to see which was the strongest, and which should have the best home sites on the islands. In June their mates had come, and almost the same day, the seal pups had been born. Of course it is still cold in Alaska, even in early summer, but the seals have such thick fur—these Alaska seals—that they do not mind. Of course the best deep sea fishing cannot be found so near shore, and the mother seals often had to swim for miles to find food. Then they would come back and nurse their babies. By fall the little ones would be able to fish for themselves, and they would all go South for the winter.

The two bears also swam past some rocks where they saw a herd of huge, fat walruses. These leather-skinned old fellows, that looked as if they might be second cousins to the seals, had great,

long tusks that curved from their jaws to the very ground. Sitka was terribly afraid when he saw those ivory tusks. But his mother only laughed and bade him watch and see what they did with their ferocious-looking weapons. Then she led him over the rocks, past the lazy, lubberly creatures, who eyed them stupidly, to where one old fellow was busy just off shore. To Sitka's immense surprise, he was digging clams with his tusks. He had quite a pile of them waiting for his supper.

Sitka watched with twinkling eyes till the old fellow's back was turned. Then he made a dash to see what those clams were like. My, how that walrus roared at him! He would have made for him with his tusks, but Sitka dodged to one side too quickly for his clumsy lunge.

(To be continued)





GOING VISITING

A LITTLE sunbeam stole in between the curtains and rested right on Jean's rosy face as she lay fast alseep. It was an early sunbeam, but in a minute Jean was wide awake. She jumped out of bed and slipped on her little blue bath-robe and slippers. She ran over to Jane's bed. "Jane, Jane," she whispered, "it's morning. Wake up!" She spoke softly, because she knew that Mother and Father didn't like to be waked up even if an early sunbeam had looked in between the curtains.

Jane sat up and rubbed her eyes. Then she jumped out of bed and put on her little pink bath-robe and slippers, and the twins ran softly into Constance's room.

Constance didn't wake up quite as quickly as the twins had. But when Jean and Jane had talked to her and rolled over her in their efforts to get into her bed, and she had rubbed her eyes very hard, she was awake, too.

Jean and Jane snuggled close to Constance. "Now tell us about Santa Claus," they both said.

"How does he get down the chimney, if he's so fat?" said Jean.

"And doesn't he get his nice red coat and his white fur all dirty when he's coming down?" asked Jane.

Now these were hard questions and Constance wrinkled her forehead and tried to think. But when one is eight and has two little sisters who are only five, she gets used to answering hard questions.

"I think he must be able to squeeze up pretty thin," said Constance, "because he came down our chimney last year, and that isn't very big."

"Did he get dirty?" persisted Jane.

"He came while I was asleep," said Constance. "Perhaps he stops sometimes and washes his hands."

"Where does he go to wash them?" Jane demanded.

"Well," Constance thought a minute, "perhaps out in the kitchen or in the library closet."

"Oh, let's put some water for him near the chimney," said Jane, and she hugged Constance because she thought it was such a good idea.

"And soap and a towel," said Jean, and she was so pleased with that idea that she hugged both Constance and Jane at once.

Then Mother came and kissed them all and told them it was time to get up.

Breakfast was almost over when Mother gave them a great surprise.

"How would the twins like to visit Grandmother and Aunt Ruth?" she said.

"Oh!" said both the twins together.

"Can't I go, too?" said Constance.

"You went last time," said Mother, "so now it's the twins' turn."

Constance looked pretty sad, because she wanted to go, too. The twins were so excited and happy that they couldn't finish breakfast.

"Oh, Mother, do you think we can have a shower bath?" asked Jean.

That made Mother and Father laugh.

"How we all love Grandmother's shower bath!" said Mother.

"Come along, young ladies who are going visiting," said Father.

The twins had to hurry to get their best hats and coats on and to say good-bye to Mother and Constance and Flora and Miss Puff-ball. And then they were started for the station. Father carried the bag that had the twins' clothes packed in it in one hand and Jean held tight to his other hand and Jane held tight to Jean's hand.

"Good-bye, Mother dear. Good-bye, Constance," called the twins.

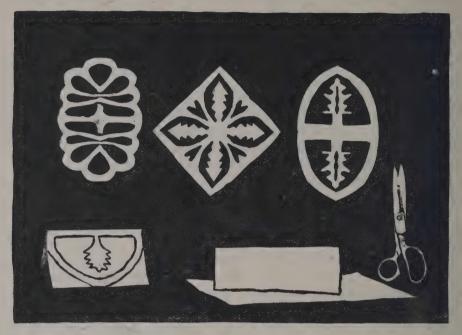
"Good-bye, twins. Good-bye, Jean and Jane," called Mother and Constance.

Miss Puff-ball watched them go and waved her tail, but she didn't say a word.



MISS PUFF-BALL WATCHED THEM GO

SOMETHING TO DO



IT IS FUN TO SEE WHO CAN MAKE THE BEST PATTERN

FUN WITH PAPER

By Patten Beard

"OH hum! It's raining!"
"Whatever shall we do all day! Oh

That was what Daddy and Mother heard at breakfast. But Betty and Benny did like to amuse themselves, so after breakfast, they began to wonder what fun they could find right at hand—something truly fun!

It was right here that Benny made his "invention." He found some sheets of brown wrapping-paper. He had a pair of scissors. He folded a square of the paper double. He folded that again. Then he made cuttings in the rim of the paper. Behold! When that same paper was opened out, it was a wonderful pattern!

Betty tried it. She soon began to make round figures and oblong patterns in the same way, folding square, or circle, or oblong and then snipping out sections from its rim with scissors. The children put a big newspaper on the floor to catch all the bits of paper from the "snipping."

They laid the different patterns down in a row on a board that had been part of the extension table in the dining-room. They tried to see which could make the best patterns and tried to cut snowflake patterns, too, folding the paper circle three times and cutting in it.

Mother came into the busy happy room where the rain was still beating on the window-panes. "Oh," she smi.led, "aren't you having fun! Let's see! I'll give a prize to the one who has made the prettiest patterns!" And she ran off to find a prize!

Now the strange thing was that when she came back, she could not decide whether Betty or Benny had made the prettiest! So they divided the prize which was a zoo package of animal crackers. The children hid them—one or two at a time. Then they alternated in hunting for them. Benny found most and as the paper-cutting fun had started with his "invention," I think it was right.

LITTLE FOLKS PICTURE BOOK

The Dragon's Teeth

From Hawthorne's version in Tanglewood Tales.

WHEN Europa was carried off on the Bull's back, her father, King Agenor, was so angry that he bade his three sons, Phoenix and Cilix and Cadmus set out at once in search of her and not to return until they brought her back with them.

It was night when they started from the palace and their mother, Queen Telephassa went with them, for she feared that she would lose her sons as well as her precious little daughter. Thasus, a friend and playmate refused to be left behind.

All night they searched, asking of everyone whom they met if he had seen a beautiful little girl riding on a snow-white bull. It was a queer sight, the queen in her royal robes and crown and the four princely boys, all anxiously looking near and far in

(Continued on page 136)



A RUSHING SOUND LIKE A SIGH PROCEEDED FROM THE INTERIOR OF THE EARTH (Look on page 144 for directions for coloring the picture)

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LITTLE FOLKS MAGAZINE,	DEPT.	C, SALEM, MASS

LITTLE FOLKS BOOKCASE



LITTLE girls—and boys, too—of six to eight years, may spend some happy moments in a London garret of long ago, and may see Mr. Sprat and his family making dolls, especially the doll, Maria Poppet. Then, with Maria, they may see London on Twelfth-night, the Lord Mayor's Show, Punch and Judy, the Christmas Pantomime of a hundred years ago. "Memoirs of a London Doll" is a fascinating little book, written many years ago and now republished and illustrated most attractively. The Macmillan Company of New York are the publishers.

In our bookcase this month, there is a story for boys and girls of four to six, called "Charlie and His Kitten Topsy." Charlie was a dear little boy, but he would love his kitten too hard, and he would get out of the wrong side of his bed many mornings, and he would stay too long in his bath. Most extraordinary things happened to Charlie, things that other little boys and girls would like to hear about. "Charlie and His Kitten Topsy" is a cunning little book, illustrated in colors and published by the Macmillan Company, New York.

Cornelia Meigs, the author of "The Steadfast Princess," has written a fairy play, which boys and girls of eight to ten will enjoy, whether they can act it, or not. Helga and the White Peacock is the name of the play, and it will delight anyone who is looking for a first class play for children. It is published by the Macmillan Com-

pany.

And there are two very beautiful new Christmas books, which Santa Claus will surely leave for many Little Folks readers. "The Children's Book of Christmas" is full of wonderful Christmas stories from many centuries, and it has many pictures by famous artists. Macmillan Company publish this and the second Christmas book, "Christmas Carols," which is for older children and grown-ups. It has

(Continued on page 140)



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THE DRAGON'S TEETH

(Continued from page 133)

the hope of finding a child who rode a bull.

They went on and on, over mountains and rivers and seas, and after a while their splendid garments became soiled and tattered and they procured coarse clothing from ordinary people; the queen threw away her crown and the boys would offer their services at farms in payment for food and shelter.

So the weeks turned into months and the months to years, and at last the boys were grown to youths and the eldest, Phoenix, one day sat down on a bank of moss in a pleasant country and said:

"This is a waste of life—to go always up and down and never come home at nightfall. Our sister is lost and never will be found. My father has forbidden us to return so I shall build me a hut of branches and dwell here."

"Well, son Phoenix," said Telephassa, "you have grown to be a man, and must do as you judge best. But I will still go

in quest of my child."

Before leaving him, they all helped to build Phoenix a small dwelling, then they left him. And by and by, other people who had no homes came through that country and seeing how pleasant it was, built themselves homes, like that of Phoenix, and so, after a while, a city sprang up.

But Telephassa and Cadmus and Cilix and Thasus kept on for many weary days, always asking for news of a white bull that carried a little girl on his back.

At last, one morning, Cilix said:

"It is such a dreary length of time since the white bull carried off my sister Europa that I have forgotten how she looked and the tones of her voice. Were we to find her she would be a woman grown and look upon us as strangers. So I am resolved to take up my abode here and I entreat you to follow my example."

So they built Cilix a bower, and left him as they left Phoenix, for Telephassa said she could not give up the search for her little girl, whose voice was always in

her ears.

People came to build homes where Cilix had remained, and bye and bye a city sprang up and Cilix was made king of it, but Telephassa and Cadmus and Cilix were by that time far away in another

country.

It was sad to hear them ask of every passerby if he had seen Europa so long after the white bull had taken her away. One day Thasus sprained his ankle and felt that he could no longer be a help to Cadmus and Telephassa, so he persuaded them to leave him, and they built him a home and made it as comfortable as possible.

And it happened to Thasus as it had to Phoenix and Cilix, for other homeless people came that way and decided to stop, and build themselves dwellings like his. So in the course of a few years there was another city, of which Thasus was

king.

Telephassa and Cadmus now went on more slowly for the queen was becoming feeble and leaned very heavily on her son. One day she seemed very tired and told Cadmus that she must take a long rest.

"Dear Cadmus," she said, "you have been the truest son a mother ever had. You shall wander no more on this hopeless search, for my pilgrimage is over, and when you have laid me to rest, inquire of the oracle at Delphi what you shall do next. Sooner or later I shall find Europa in a better world."

"So Cadmus laid his mother to rest, and afterwards went on to find the famous oracle at Delphi. In those days it was a mere hole in the rocks, hidden by shrubs and bushes, on the side of Mount Pannassus. When Cadmus had reached the sacred spot and pulled aside the shrubbery he said:

"Sacred Oracle of Delphi, whither shall I go in search of dear Sister Europa?"

There was a deep silence and then a rushing sound, like a sigh proceeding out of the interior of the earth.

"Seek her no more! Seek her no more!

Seek her no more!" it said.

"What then shall I do?" asked Cadmus.
"Follow the cow!" said the oracle.
"Follow the cow! Follow the cow!" and then:

"Where the cow lies down, there is your home!"

(To be continued)



SHE LIKED IT SO WELL THAT SHE ATE IT ALL UP

GOLDILOCKS AND THE THREE BEARS

'III.

There were three bowls of porridge upon the table in the cottage. One was a great big bowl, one a middle-sized bowl, one a tiny wee bowl.

Goldilocks hurried in and tried the porridge in the great big bowl, then the porridge in the middle-sized bowl and last of all the porridge in the tiny wee bowl, and this she liked so well she ate it all up.

(Look on page 140 for directions for making this picture in colored cut paper)



OBEDIENCE is the foundation of character. Yet how many parents discover constantly that their instructions to their children carry no farther than around the corner, and wilfulness, selfishness, jealousy, disrespect, untruthfulness, ill-temper and many other unpleasant qualities are directly related to that first great fault of disobedience.

New Methods for Old

Until now, scolding and whipping seem to have been about the parents' only methods. But new methods have been discovered which make it easy to train children to obey promptly, pleasantly and surely without breaking the child's will, without creating fear, resembent or revenge in the child's heart, as whipping does. This new method is based on confidence. When perfect units the children pick up so easily are to always obtain cheer to always obtain cheer to always obtain cheer to give a chance to develop.

to instruct children in the delicate matter of sex? to always obtain cheer-ful obedience?

or aways obtain cheerful obseience?
to correct mistakes of
early training?
to keep child from
crying?
to develop initiative
in child?
to teach children instantly to comply with
couch?
To aways.

ness?
overcome obstinacy?
ese are only a few
the hundreds of
estions fully anered and explained.

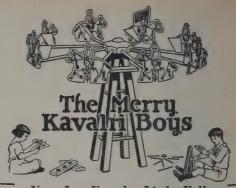
Highest Endorsements

This new system, which has been put in-to the form of an Hisstrated Course, pre-producing remarkable and immediate re-sults for thousands of parents in all parts of the world, and is endorsed by leading educators. It covers all ages from cradie to eighteen years.

Free Book

"New Methods in Child Training" is the title of a startling book which describes this new system and outlines the work of the Parents Association. Send letter or ostal today and the book will be sent free—but do it now as this announcement may never come to your notice again. ""E PARENTS ASSOCIATION, Dept. 4612 Pleasant Hill, Ohio.





New Joy For the Little Folks

Give the little dears a toy that is different. Put it under the tree this Christmas and watch their eyes pop open with surprise-watch them jump for joy, when they see The Merry Kavalri Boys.

They love to play with it because they actually build a merry-go-round, all by themselves. One that will run continuously if placed over a radiator or in any air current. Beautifully colored ponies and riders to cut out, a frame all ready to set up, packed in a handsome picture box. Assembled toy stands ten inches high. Can be taken apart and put together as often as desired. gether as often as desired.

Delivered to your door complete for \$1.50. Write name and address clearly on a slip of paper, attach check or money order, and we will ship by return mail.

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Department B, 4611 So. Normandie Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.



"Used while you sleep"

The Value of vaporized Cresolene for coughs and colds has been fully demonstrated during the past forty years. Cresolene is today the most widely used remedy for spasmodic croup and whooping cough.

When children complain of sore throat or cough use at once.

Sold by druggists. Send for descriptive booklet 36A



THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO.

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SOMETHING FOR PARENTS AND TEACHERS

BREAKING THE RULE

By Angelo Patri

Author of "A Schoolmaster in the Great City;" Principal Public Public School 45, The Bronx

RULES are necessary. No household could get along without them. Children could not be brought up without them. I have heard people say that they made no rules, that they didn't believe in them But, of course, I knew better.

There was meal time and bed time and school times. Surely there was a set of rules, hard and fast and measured out by the most dogmatic master the world knows, the clock.

And there was an order about clothes—best ones and school ones and play ones. One couldn't, for instance, wear one's school suit to afternoon play nor one's church hat to school.

Of course, if one knocked something down, one picked it up. The door had to be closed after one and the windows left open. And when one met an older person one curtesied and smiled or raised one's hat if he wore that sort. All rules. Everybody knows them and obeys them grudgingly or cheerfully, according to his nature.

There are stricter rules, too. Each family has a few peculiar to itself. I knew one where the oldest child had to see that his father's and mother's shoes were polished and waiting outside their room door every morning. In case of his illness or absence that duty fell on the next in line. That was a rule of the house and never broken.

Another family has a law that makes a Child pay for everything that he breaks or (Copyright, 1922, by Angelo Patri.)

injures. If he hasn't the money and cannot earn it, it is charged against him and he will have to pay it in the long run.

Whether we like rules or not, we have to have them. They ought to be such as to form good life habits in children. If they do not do that they are not of much value to anybody. The children will obey them while they are obliged to and no longer. Once away from the authority that enforces them, they will drop the old rule and adapt others more to their liking.

Rules are almost as hard upon those who have to enforce them as they are upon those who have to obey them. Nothing but the most unremitting vigilance will enforce the rules in the easiest of house holds. It becomes necessary then to have a respite now and then. The tense nerves demand relaxation.

You'll know this when you find the members of the family ready to pick the nerves out of each other, when the slightest word brings on a heated argument and quarrels and "no speaking" are the order of the day.

Then it's time to break the rules. Change the breakfast hour and the menu. Eat dinner under the trees or in the restaurant—anywhere but in the same room where you have eaten it for a year. Change your dress and the way of wearing your hair. Give away your old hat. Take the law off the children.

There is a time to break the rules. And the next day will dawn in peace.

LITTLE FOLKS' BOOKCASE

(Continued from puge 135)

twenty-eight old English carols with words and music and is illustrated in full color—a really joyous gift for any person

over twelve years old!

Truly a treasure has come to Little Folks Bookcase this season! Six wonderful books, called "My Bookhouse" which contain golden hours of joy for every boy and girl who can obtain them. Golden hours that will spread through many months and years, for these books contain many, many of the most beautiful things that have ever been given to children by the best writers and the most joyous story-tellers of all countries.

The books are beautiful; they are illustrated by more than twenty-five of the greatest illustrators, and the pictures are in colors; moreover the pages are lovely with decorations and borders and the best

of type and printing.

The first volume is called "In the Nursery," and contains four hundred and forty-eight pages of stories and verse for little listeners and youngest readers; the second volume, "Up One Pair of Stairs," goes still further into the realm of fancy; the third volume, "Through Fairy Halls," is filled with gems of imaginative literature; the fourth, "The Treasure Chest," is planned for the adventurous period; the fifth, "From the Tower Window," is the book of romance. These five are of equal size. The sixth volume, "The Latch Key," is the book of appreciation. Half of it contains stories from the lives of various authors; the rest has articles on "Mother Goose," "Myths," "The World's Great Epics," a discussion on "How to Judge Stories for Children," and a remarkable index, in which the stories are grouped in various ways, geographically, historically, and according to subjects and themes, as well as the general

The editor, Olive Beupré Miller is herself a mother and she has rendered a great service to other mothers as well as to childhood in preparing this valuable and beautiful foundation of a child's library.

It is the gift of a loving and conscientious mother, of unusual culture and artistic taste—a mother who is careful in choosing her children's associates, but who sees the world through the happy eyes of her children.

(Continued on page 141)

SOMETHING TO GUESS

1. Why are hogs like trees?

2. Why is a plumber like a pelican?

3. Why was the first day of Adam's life the longest?

- 4. How can hunters find their game in the woods?
- 5. How many persons can a deaf and dumb man tickle?
- 6. What subject can be made light of?
- 7. How can one get along in the world?
- 8. I partake alike in your joy, your sorrow, and your home would not be home without me.
- 9. When may a man's pocket be empty and yet have something in it?
- 10. Why is a Zulu belle like a prophet of old?
- 11. Why is a high tariff like a pair of overalls?
- 12. What is more wonderful than a horse that can count?

ANSWERS

- 1. Because they root for a living.
- 2. On account of the size of his bill.

3. Because he had no Eve.

- 4. By listening to the bark of trees.
- 5. He can ges-tickle-eight (gesticulate).
- 6. Gas.
- 7. Walk.
- 8. Letter O.
- 9. When it has a hole in it.
- 10. She has not much on'er in her own country.
- 11. Because it protects the laboring man.
- 12. A spelling bee.

Goldilocks and the Three Bears

By L. J. Bridgman

Directions for making the Picture

(See page 137)

First make a tracing of the whole picture on white paper. Cut out of this the parts which are to be white. Select papers of the tints you choose for the other parts. The tracing can be fastened to these tints with pins or paper clips and be used as a pattern. In many cases—a sky for instance—a tint may cover a wide space and the other objects—trees, for instance—may be pasted over this tint. The finer markings may be added with pen or pencil. The backing should be larger than the picture and of reasonably thick cardboard. There will be twelve pictures.



An 8 Months' Trial Subscription For Only 50c

This is way below the regular price.

EACH ISSUE OF

The Boys' Magazine

contains from two to four splendid serial stories and from twelve to twenty thrilling short stories, besides special departments devoted to Wireless, Mechanics, Electricity, Popular Science, Athletics, Physical Training, Stamp and Coin Collecting, Outdoor Sports, Amateur Photography, Cartooning, etc. Beautiful big pages with handsome covers in colors. Profusely illustrated throughout.

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A special feature is the award of liberal cash prizes for the best amateur work in many subjects. There is no reason why YOUR boy should not win some of these prizes. Remember, only 50 cts, for eight months. If you are not satis fied we will refund your money promptly and without question. Remit in stamps if more convenient. Ou sale at all newstands 10 cts. a copy.

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I accept your special half-price introductory offer and enclose 50 cents, for which send THE BOYS' MAGAZINE for eight months to

(Write name and address plainly.)

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A Gift For Your Hospital

Send us the name of your Hospital and fifty cents and we will send Little Folks Magazine for one full year. The publisher will give three-quarters of the cost, if you will give one-quarter in order that the children of your Hospital may enjoy Little Folks Magazine. Just send the name and address of the Hospital and enclose fifty cents and your Hospital will be notified that you are the donor of the gift. Five dollars will endow a perpetual subscription.

Address, LITTLE FOLKS MAGAZINE, Salem, Mass.

Mothers Who Read Little Folks

The editor would appreciate short notes from you, telling her what you think of Little Folks. Your letters will assist her and the publishers in making improvements they have in mind for Little Folks. A word of appr ciation will encourage those who are trying to serve you and help to make your home happy. Any suggestions of material you would like in *Little Folks* will be equally appreciated.

LITTLE FOLKS' BOOKCASE

(Continued from page 140)

MY BOOKHOUSE is published by the Book House for Children, 608 So. Dearborn St., Chicago. The publishers will gladly send more information.



For Boy Scouts, Camp Fire Girls, For the Home or School Room, Dialogs, & Speakers, Monolegs, Minstrel Opening Choruses and Blackface Plays, Rectitations, Drills.

Stage a Play. Make-up. Catalogue FREE, 150N&CO., 623 50. Wabash, Dept. 41 CHICAGO

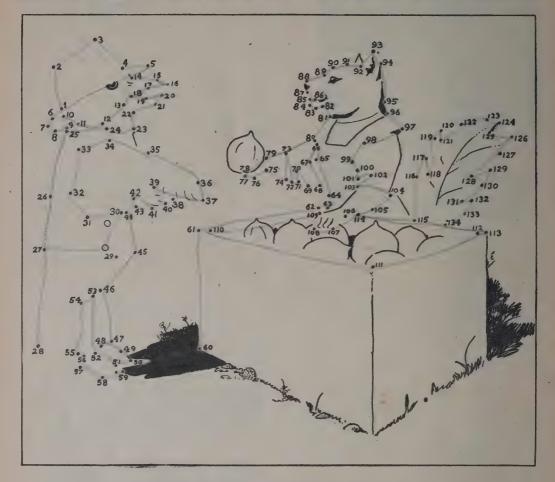
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SOMETHING TO PLAY

A PENNY GAME

HACH player of the penny game must have a penny and two cards. One card is blank, the other has written on it the list of things to be found on a penny. The

list is given here:

1. Top of hill. 2. Place of Worship. 3. An animal. 4. A fruit. 5. A common fruit. 6. Links between absent friends. 7. Union of Youth and old age. 8. A vegetable. 9. Flowers. 10. What we fight for. 11. A metal. 12. A Messenger. 13. A weapon of defense. 14. A weapon of warfare. 15. A body of water. 16. A beverage. 17. What young ladies want. 18. The most popular State. 19. What men work for. 20. Sign of royalty. 21. A jolly dog.

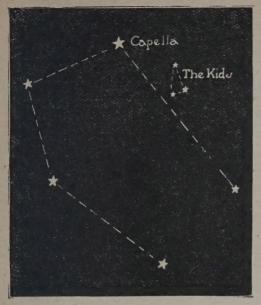
Each person is expected to write down on the blank card given him as many answers

as he can guess. Here is the list of correct answers.

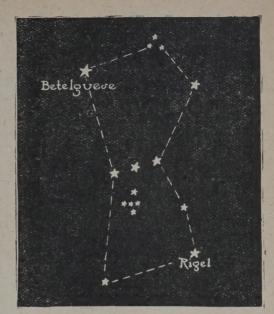
1. Brow. 2. Temple. 3. Hare (Hair). 4. Date. 5. Apple. 6. Letters. 7. 1894 (the date of the penny). 8. Ear. 9. Tulips (two lips). 10. Liberty. 11. Copper. 12. One sent (cent). 13. Shield. 14. Arrow. 15. Sea (c). 16. Tea (t). 17. Beau (bow). 18. United States (matrimony). 19. Money. 20. Crown. 21. A merry cur (America).

Allow half an hour for filling out the blank cards and when they are corrected, give a

prize for the list with fewest mistakes and another for those with most mistakes.



AURIGA, THE CHARIOT DRIVER



ORION, THE HUNTER

THE SOCIETY OF STAR-GAZERS

By M. O. Osborne

V.

IT was a clear cold night, early in January, when Cousin Jimmie came to take Anna and Francis and Louis on their next roof party.

"We can't stay out very long tonight," said Cousin Jimmie, as they came out on the roof. "It's too cold. But I do want you to see Orion. He's very gorgeous with his jewelled belt."

"Oh, Cousin Jimmie!" cried Louis, looking high up at the sky overhead, "What are the two bright stars up there?"

"Why, Louis," replied Cousin Jimmie "one of them is Aldebaran, which we found last month; the one to the south. You can always tell him by his reddish color and by the V which forms his nose. The white star high in the northeast is Capella, and it belongs to the constellation of Auriga, the Chariot Driver. Capella, or The Goat, can always be recognized by the three little stars nearby, which are called The Kids.

"And now we'll find Orion. Do you see three bright stars all in a line? Turn on the flash light, Louis, and look at this picture. The three bright stars in Orion's belt point up towards Aldebaran.

"I see the belt, Cousin Jimmie!" cried Anna.

"So do I!" said Louis.

And Francis soon found the three stars,

too

"Now the bright star in his right shoulder is Betelguese and that in his right knee is Rigel. And there is a wonderful cloud of light in the cluster of stars below the belt, which is known as the Nebula of Orion. I've brought the opera glasses so you can see it."

"What is a nebula, Cousin Jimmie?"

asked Francis.

"Nebula means cloud," replied Cousin Jimmie, "and this cloud seems to be formed of burning gases. It is a very huge nebula, probably thousands of times larger than the area of our whole solar system. The light from it takes more than 250 years to reach us. Astronomers say that our solar system—the sun and all the planets—were once a bright cloud, or nebula.

"Oh, Cousin Jimmie, where were all the men and trees and animals then?"

"The materials of which they were (Continued on page 144)

When Children Cough Use Musterole

When you are wakened in the dead of night by that warning, croupy cough, get up and get the jar of Musterole.

Rub the clean, white ointment gently over the child's throat and chest, and then go back to bed.

Musterole penetrates the skin with a warming tingle and goes right to the seat of trouble.

Will not blister like the old-fashioned mustard plaster and it is not messy to apply.

Made from pure oil of mustard, Musterole takes the kink out of stiff necks, makes sore throats well, stops croupy coughs and colds.

Sold by druggists everywhere, in jars and tubes, 35c and 65c; hospita Isize, \$3.

The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER



GET READY FOR VALENTINE'S DAY!

Boys and girls can have heaps of fun making valentines for their friends.

Whitney's Valentine-Making Outfit



has all kinds of things nec essary to make fine lace valentines. The re is lace paper, hearts, pretty colored figures, folders, verses and hinges, etc. All you need besides is a little paste.

Box size in four varieties, One box given costfree to anyone who obtains one new yearly subscription to LITTLE FOLKS. Cash price per box 40c.

40c.
Envelope size.
Two envelopes
given to anyone sending
one new yearly
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price per envelope 20c.

Order your material early. Our supply is limited.

S. E. CASSINO CO., SALEM, MASS.

LITTLE FOLKS SOCIETY OF STAR-GAZERS

(Continued from page 143)

made were all in the cloud," said Cousin Jimmie. "Everything in this universe, sun, moon and planets, and all the big and little things that live or just exist on Earth were part of the cloud of light. And astronomers think that some day they may all become a bright nebula again—many millions of years from this time."

"I wonder where men will be then," said Francis.

rancis.

"It took millions of years for the earth to become a place where men can live," replied Cousin Jimmie, "and we are just beginning to know a little bit about anything outside of the Earth.

"Really the most wonderful thing of all is the fact that such tiny creatures as we are can wonder and find ways to learn

about the stars.

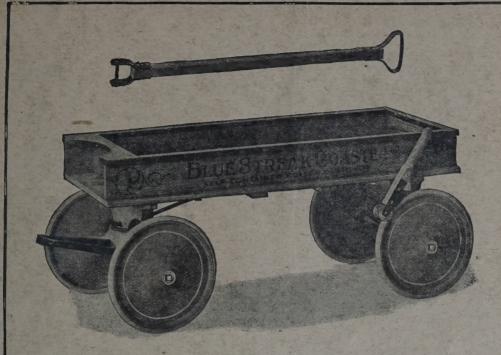
Directions for Coloring the Second Picture for Little Folks Picture Book

Paint the leaves green; the branches dark brown; the cliffs yellow ochre; stones gray and brown; clouds light blue; hay brown; ribbon blue; cape purple; dress green; sword orange; sun yellow; sky dark blue.

A year's subscription to LITTLE FOLKS will be given to any one who secures two new subscribers to the magazine.

If you have never tried to get up a club of two subscribers you do not know how easy it is to do so. Think of some friends who have children from five to eight and try it this afternoon.

S. E. CASSINO, Publisher, Salem Mass.



You can have this Coaster Wagon free of cost, Rubber Tired, Disc-steel Wheels, Coast-Easy Bearings.

This splendid hardwood Coaster Wagon has a body 16 inches wide by 38 inches long. It is reinforced with hardwood cleats, finished in natural color, filled and varnished and ornamented in bright red, making a very attractive finish. The bright red solid disc-steel wheels with hard rubber tires will last for years. A brake adds the touch of safety to the whole wonderful equipment, making the best kind of a coaster you can imagine.

Think of the sport you can have with it.

All you need do to get this Wagon is send 10 new yearly subscriptions to Little Folks Magazine, collecting \$2.00 each and sending the \$20.00 you collect for the tensubscriptions to us. Immediately on receipt of your order we will have the wagon shipped to you from the factory in Ohio.

Or if you send us 5 new yearly subscriptions to Little Folks at \$2.00 each remitting \$10.00 and add \$4.00 in cash to it making \$14.00 you can have the coaster wagon sent direct to you.

See your friends and tell them these things about Little Folks. It contains all the kinds of stories they like best Fairy Tales, Animal stories, Fables, Nature stories, stories of real and make believe children.

Tell them it has paper dolls and things to do, things to make, new games to play and lots of riddles to guess. Tell them it lasts a whole year and comes addressed to them every month full of new things to do and to read.

Tell their mothers or fathers that it teaches children to read and to read better, tell them that it keeps the children busy, reading, making new things and trying new games. Tell them it is carefully edited and contains only the sort of stories that they would want their children to read, nothing terrifying or rearry, just good character building stories pictures and verses.

Then send their subscription in as soon as possible and get your Blue Streak Coaster Wagon.

LITTLE FOLKS MAGAZINE, Dept. M. Salem, Mass.



Perhaps you yourself have bought Colgate's, or asked your mother to buy it because you know it is "the nice kind". It has such a good taste that it makes you want to brush your teeth.

If you haven't a tube at home now, ask your mother to let you go to the nearest store and buy "the nice kind" for yourself.

Colgate's cleans your teeth the *right* way. It "washes" and polishes the enamel—doesn't scratch or scour.

The coupon below shows you how to get a very interesting booklet

